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The
Tragedy
of

Macbeth

By William
Shakespeare

THE
COBURN
PLAYERS
ACTING EDITION



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BY CHARLES DOUVILLE COBURN

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Copies of this book postpaid by mail
thirty cents, may be had by addressing L. M.
Goodstadt, General Manager, The Coburn
Players, 1402 Broadway, New York City.

Engagements for performances by The
Coburn Players may be arranged by addressing
L. M. Goodstadt, General Manager, 1402
Broadway, New York City.

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INTRODUCTION

IN answer to the many inquiries and requests for the "cuts" made in the presentation of Shakespeare plays, I offer herewith an acting edition of "Macbeth" as the first of a series of publications to be made from time to time of the plays in the repertory of the Coburn Players.

No attempt has been made to note the "stage business"; only the text of the play and the arrangement of scenes as we present them are retained with the idea of preserving the psychology of the play. In brief, this book contains the arrangement of text and scenes of "Macbeth" as acted by the Coburn Players.

I would call the reader's attention to the artist's note. It will help him to fully appreciate the remarkable spirit and detail of Mr. Perry's drawings.

CHARLES DOUVILLE COBURN.



The DRESS of the BOOK



THE decorations for the Coburn Players' Macbeth Book, aim to illustrate the mental tones and colors that make up the play when regarded as a design.

The cover, illustrating the line, "Is this a dagger which I see before me?" is more self-explanatory than the border designs, whose subject matter may be found in the lines of the Witches in act IV, scene I.

"Brindled cat," "hedge-pig," "harpie," and "poisoned entrails" will be found in the upper right and left hand corners of the left and right hand pages.

Excepting these four, which are introductory, the twenty-four ingredients which the Witches put into the cauldron are represented in the order of the text, beginning with "fillet of a fenny snake" and reading to the right and down the right hand side of the left hand page, thence up the left-hand side of the right hand page and over to "gibbet."

Five panels on the extreme left are representative of Macbeth the soldier, while five on the extreme right refer to Macbeth as King.

In the first of these panels on the left is the owl of wisdom, balanced on the right side by the more sinister bat. The helmet and mail is balanced by the crown and ermine; the sword and belt by the sceptre and orb; the victory palm by the double throne; the battle victims by Birnam wood.

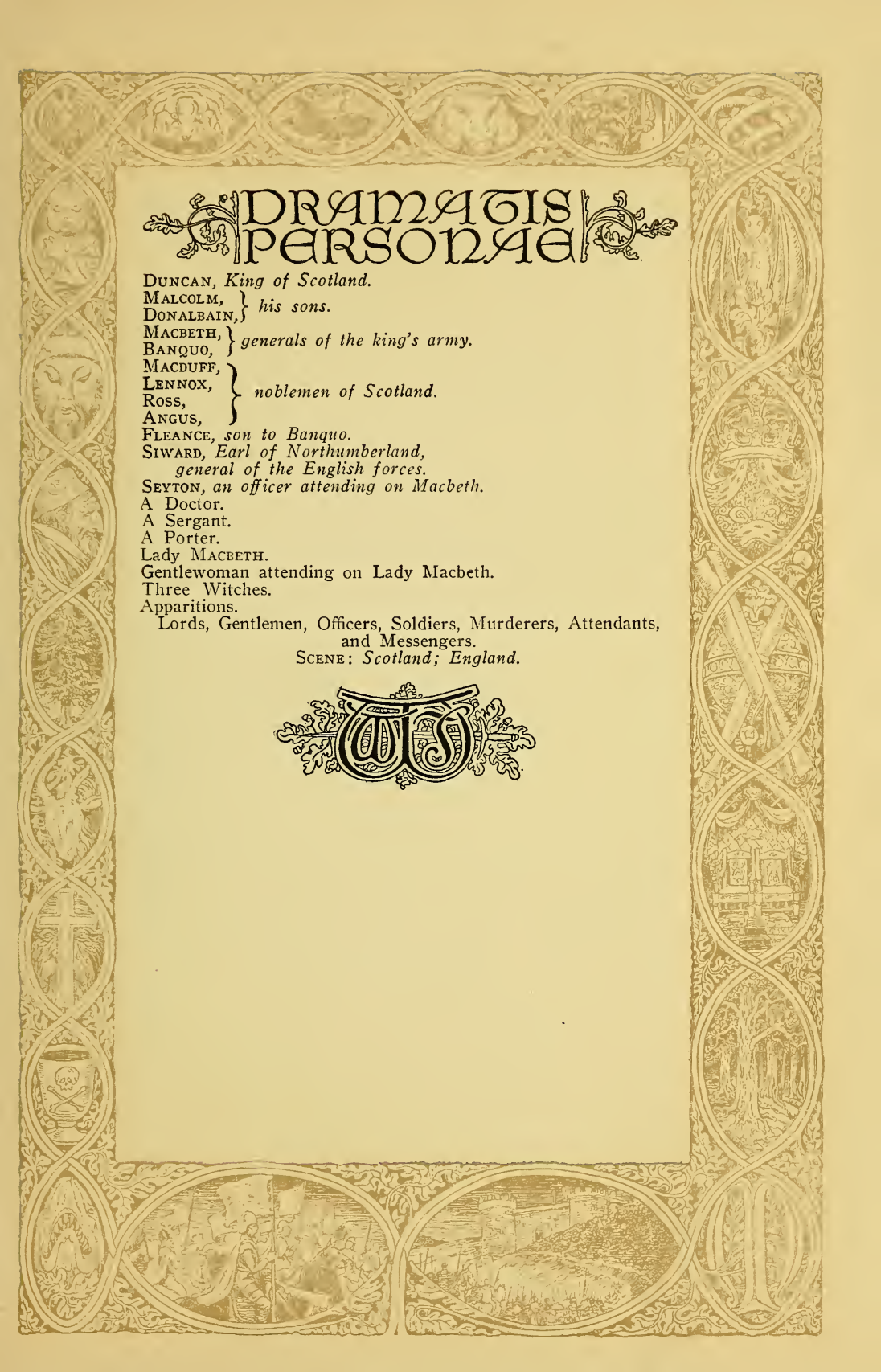
Two large panels at the bottom on the left, show the "blasted heath"; on the right the corresponding panels represent the royal castle and army.

In the lower left hand corner of the left hand page is a Shakespeare monogram; opposite is the initial letter of Macbeth.

The scene on the title page, showing Macbeth at the witches' cave and that of Lady Macbeth in Act V, Scene I, were selected to be expressed in design, rather than in photographs on account of their deeper significance in the structure of the play.







DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

MALCOLM,
DONALBAIN, } *his sons.*

MACBETH,
BANQUO, } *generals of the king's army.*

MACDUFF,
LENNOX,
ROSS, } *noblemen of Scotland.*

ANGUS,
FLEANCE, *son to Banquo.*

SIWARD, *Earl of Northumberland,*
general of the English forces.

SEYTON, *an officer attending on Macbeth.*

A Doctor.

A Sergeant.

A Porter.

Lady MACBETH.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

Three Witches.

Apparitions.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants,
and Messengers.

SCENE: *Scotland; England.*



THE TRAGEDY of
Macbeth
William Shakespeare



RAYMOND
REERY 1911

The COBURN PLAYERS
ACTING EDITION
New York · The Coburn Players · 1912

ACT I Scene 1

An open place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch. Where the place?

Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.

Third Witch. There to meet with—Macbeth!

First Witch. I come, Graymalkin!

Sec. Witch. Paddock calls!

Third Witch. Anon!

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT I Scene 2

Forres near a Camp.

Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Angus, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding sergeant

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

Ser. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that to cling together
And choke their art.
The merciless Macdonwald—from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowlasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damnéd quarrel smiling,
Showed like a rebel's wanton: but all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carved out his passage till he faced the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Ser. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:

No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Ser. As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion. Yes;

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both. Go, get him surgeons.

[*Exit Sergeant, attended.*]

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange. [*Enter Ross*]

Ross. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king;

Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness!

Ross. That now

Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colme's inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: go, pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won. [*Exeunt.*]

MACBETH Scena 3

A Heath. Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

Sec. Witch. Killing swine.

Third Witch. Sister, where thou?

First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd. 'Give me;
quoth I:

'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

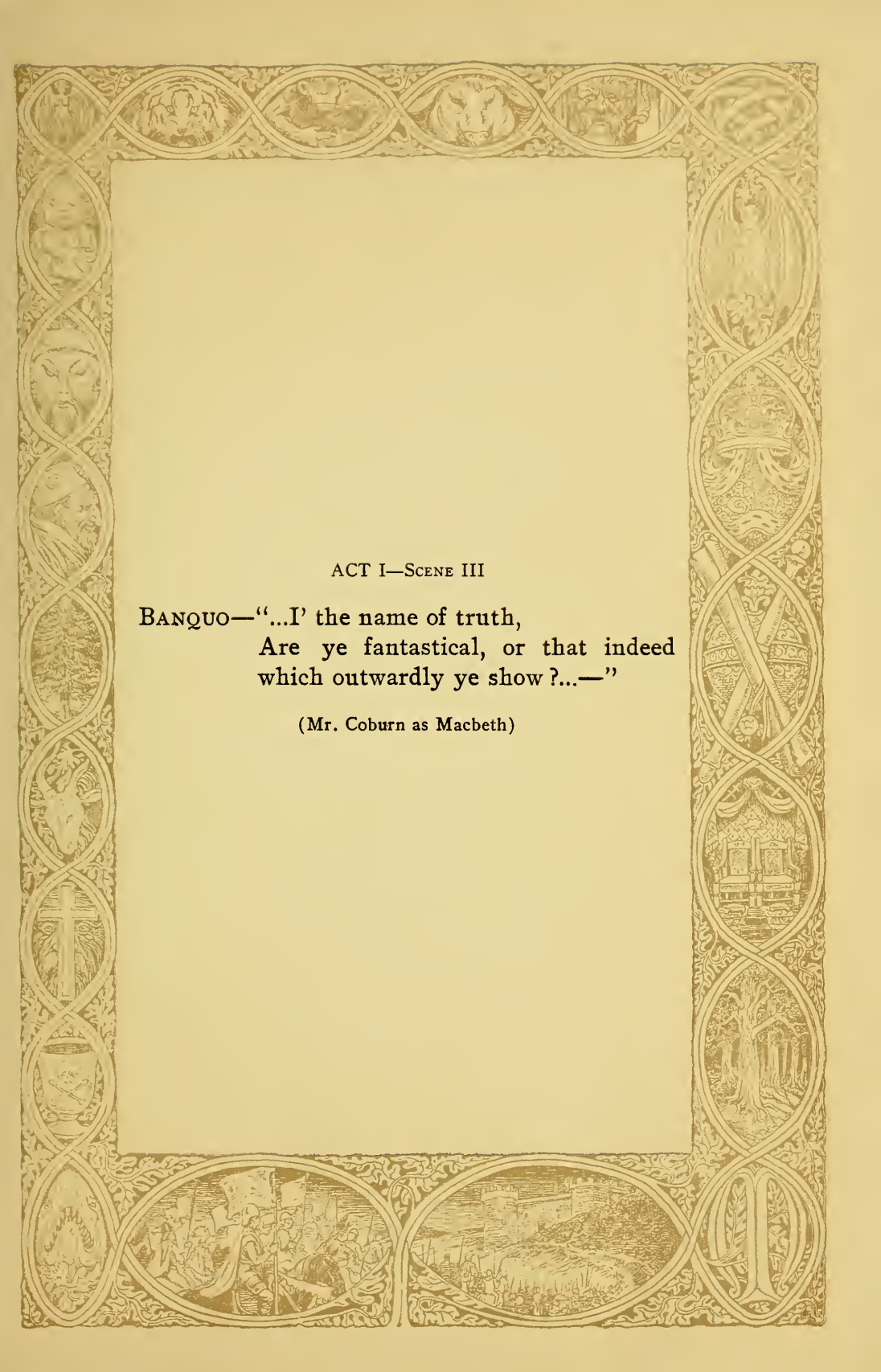
Sec. Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch. Thou'rt kind.

Third Witch. And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other;

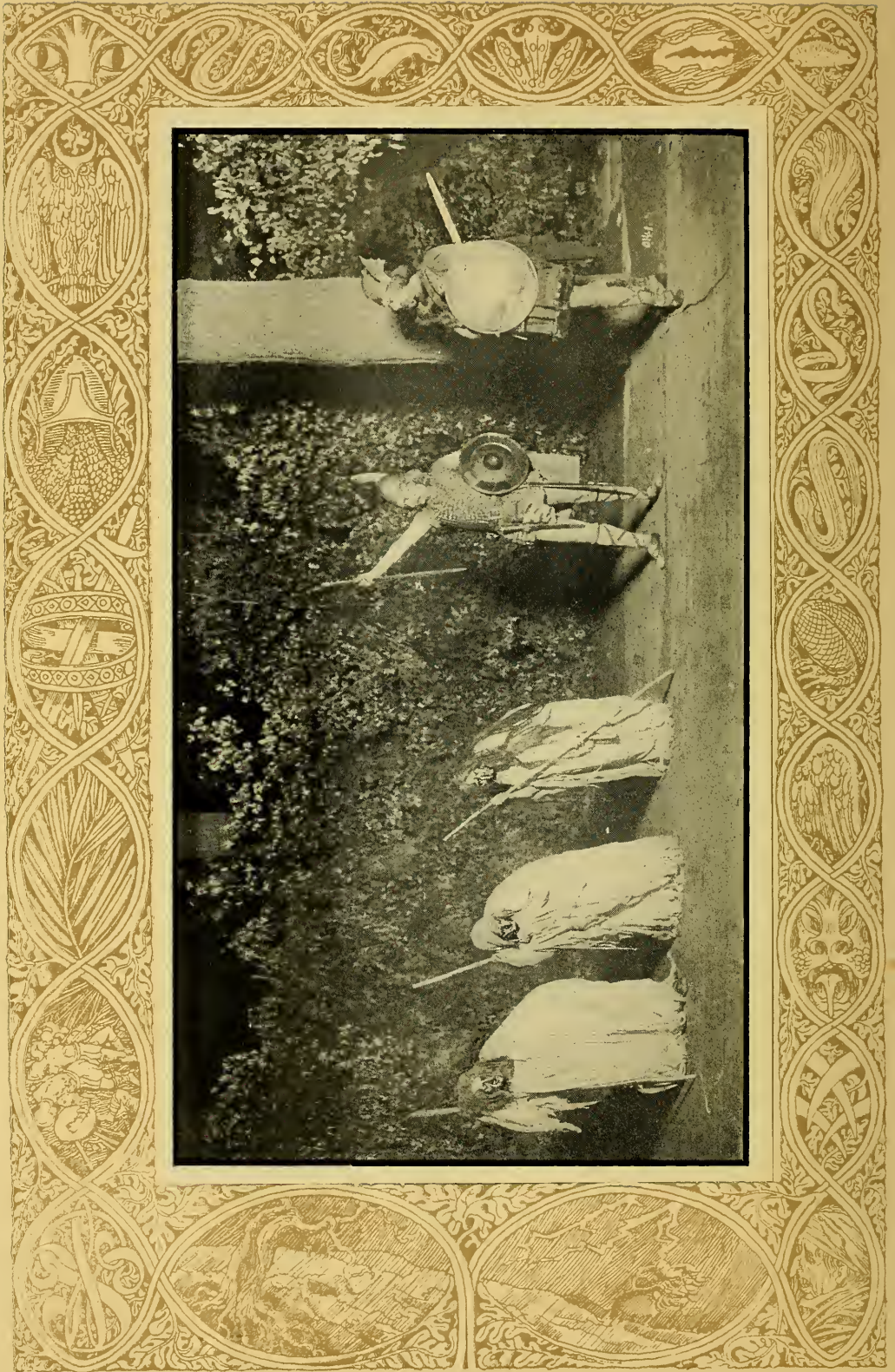
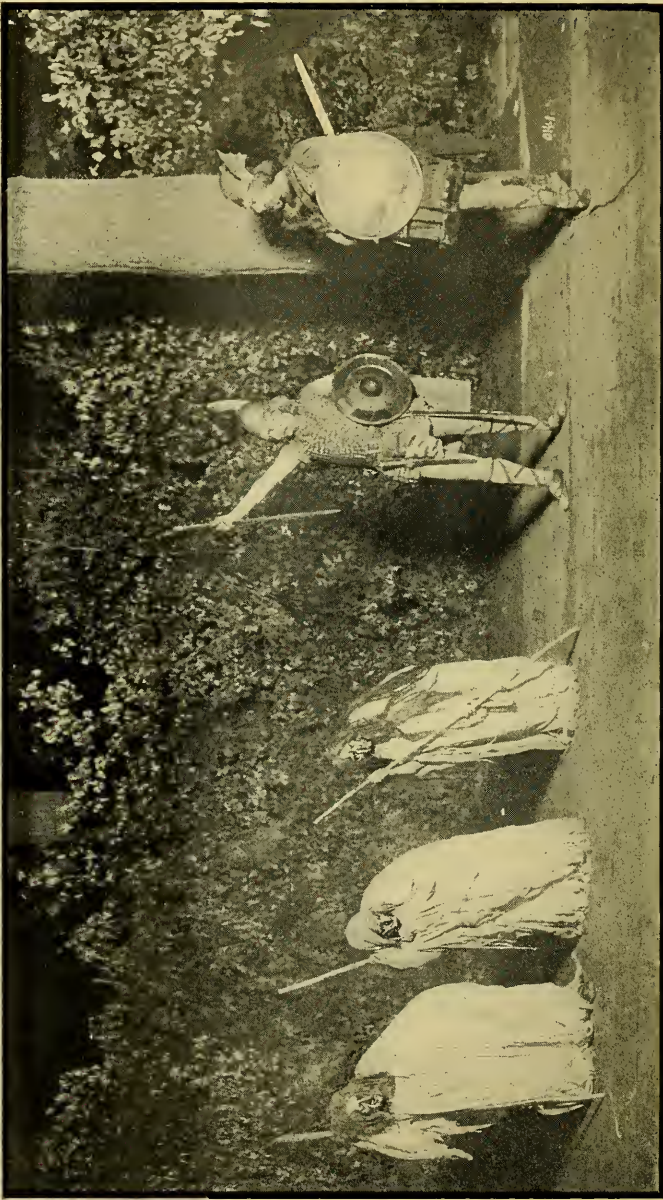
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know

A decorative border in a golden-brown color frames the page. It features a repeating pattern of interlocking loops. Within these loops are various scenes and symbols: a lion's head, a woman's face, a man's face, a landscape with a tree, a castle, a battle scene, a cross, a skull, a crown, and a landscape with a building.

ACT I—SCENE III

BANQUO—“...I’ the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
which outwardly ye show?...—”

(Mr. Coburn as Macbeth)



I' the shipman's card.
I'll drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*]

Third Witch. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

First Witch. The weird sisters, hand in hand—

Second Witch. Posters of the sea and land—

Third Witch. Thus do go about, about.

First Witch. Thrice to thine,—

Sec. Witch. And thrice to mine,—

Third Witch. And thrice again, to make up nine.

First Witch. Peace! the charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres? What are these

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you?

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter!

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak, then, to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Sec. Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.

All. { So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.

[Witches vanish.]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air, and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What! Can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose.
For treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. [Aside] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—(Aloud). Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,

Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tells us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [*Aside*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—(*Aloud*) I thank you, gentlemen.—
[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good; if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And my make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
I smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. [*Aside*] If chance will have me king, why, chance may
Without my stir. [crown me,

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

Macb. [*Aside*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.

[*Aside to Ban.*] Think on what hath chanced, and at more
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak [time,
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

ACT I Scene 4

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,

To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross and Angus.

O worthiest cousin!

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
Thou hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so; let me unfold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not used for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

[*Macbeth.*

Dun. My worthy Cawdor! [*Exeunt all but*

Macb. The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

[*Exit.*

MACBETH II. Scene 1

Inverness. Macbeth's castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

Lady M. They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me "Thane of Cawdor;" by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with "Hail, king that shalt be!" This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou 'ldst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter Seyton.

What is your tidings?

Sey. The king comes here tonight.

Lady M.

Thou'rt mad to say it:

Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Sey. So please you, is it true: our thane is coming:

One of my fellows had the speed of him:
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M.

Give him tending;

[Exit Seyton.]

He brings great news.

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, 'Hold, hold!'

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters: To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;

To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff,
Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

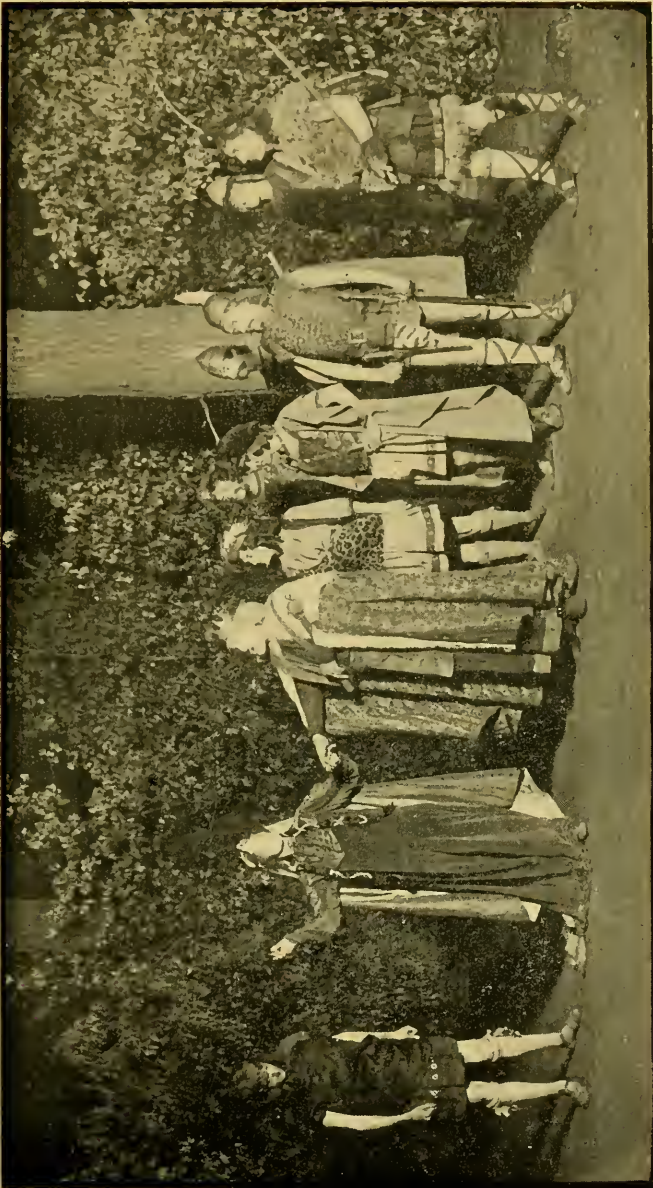
Dun. See, see, our honour'd hostess!

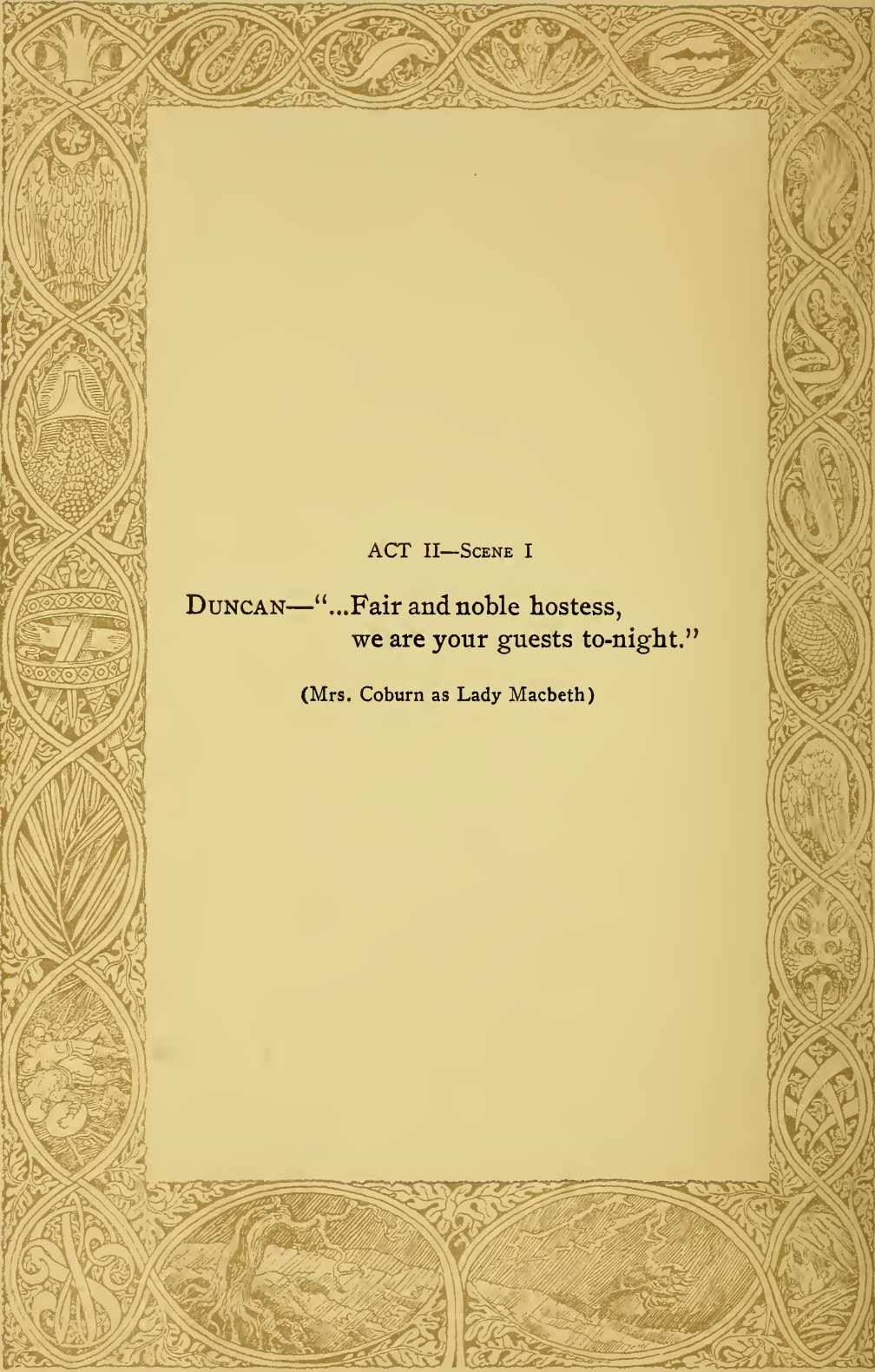
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?

We coursed him at the heels, and had a pupose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;





ACT II—SCENE I

DUNCAN—“...Fair and noble hostess,
we are your guests to-night.”

(Mrs. Coburn as Lady Macbeth)

And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath hold him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their auidt at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-randed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off.
I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.—

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supped: why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which should be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'

Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Prithee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

Lady M. What beast was't, then,

That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail?

Lady M. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenchèd natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only;

For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II Scene 2

The same.

Enter Banquo, preceded by Fleance bearing a torch.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword:—There's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out:—Take thee that too.—
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep:—merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword—
Who's there?

Enter Macbeth, and Seyton with a torch.

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What! sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.—
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you!

[Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.]

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. *[Exit Servant.]*
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; withcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. [A bell rings.
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [Exit.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made be bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. Hark! Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their
That death and nature do contend about them, [possets,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [Within] Who's there? what, ho!

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done: the attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss them. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had don't.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. My husband!
Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?
Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [Looking off.

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried 'Murder!'
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen', the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say, 'Amen,'
When they did say, 'God bless us.'

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep'—the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more: Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green-one red.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry; retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking.*] Hark! more
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us [*knocking:*
And show us to be watchers: be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!
[*Knocking.*
Exeunt.

Enter a Porter—Knocking heard.

Porter. Here 's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of
hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking*
Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelz-
bub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expecta-
tion of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you;
here you'll sweat for 't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock! Who's
there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator,

that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you! But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. *Opens the gate.*

Enter Macduff and Lennox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Enter Macbeth.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him:

I had almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;

But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.

This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,

For 'tis my limited service.

[*Exit.*]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death;
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatch'd to the woful time: the obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel

A fellow to it.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macb. O, horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee.

Macb. {

Len. { What 's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope

The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence

The life o' the building!

Macb. What is 't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.

[*Exit Macbeth and Lennox.*

Awake, awake!

Ring the alarum-bell:—murder and treason!—
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see [Bell rings.
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macd. O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.—

Enter Banquo, Ross, and others.

O Banquo, Banquo!

Our royal master's murder'd.

All Murdered!

Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for from this instant
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Mal. What's amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know 't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd,—the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murdered.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't:

[*Exit Malcolm and Donalbain.*

Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;
So were their daggers, which unwiped, we found
Upon their pillows:
They stared, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known?

Lady M.

Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*]

Ban.

Fears and scruples shake us:

In the great hand of God I stand; and thence
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macd.

And so do I.

All.

So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

Macd. To question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further.

All.

Well contented.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III Scene 1

Forres. The palace.

Enter Banquo and Fleance.

Ban. Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised; and I fear
Thou play'dst most foully for 't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

*Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth, as king; Lady Macbeth, as
queen; Lennox, Ross, and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M.

If he had been forgotten,

It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I 'll request your presence.

Ban.

Let your highness

Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

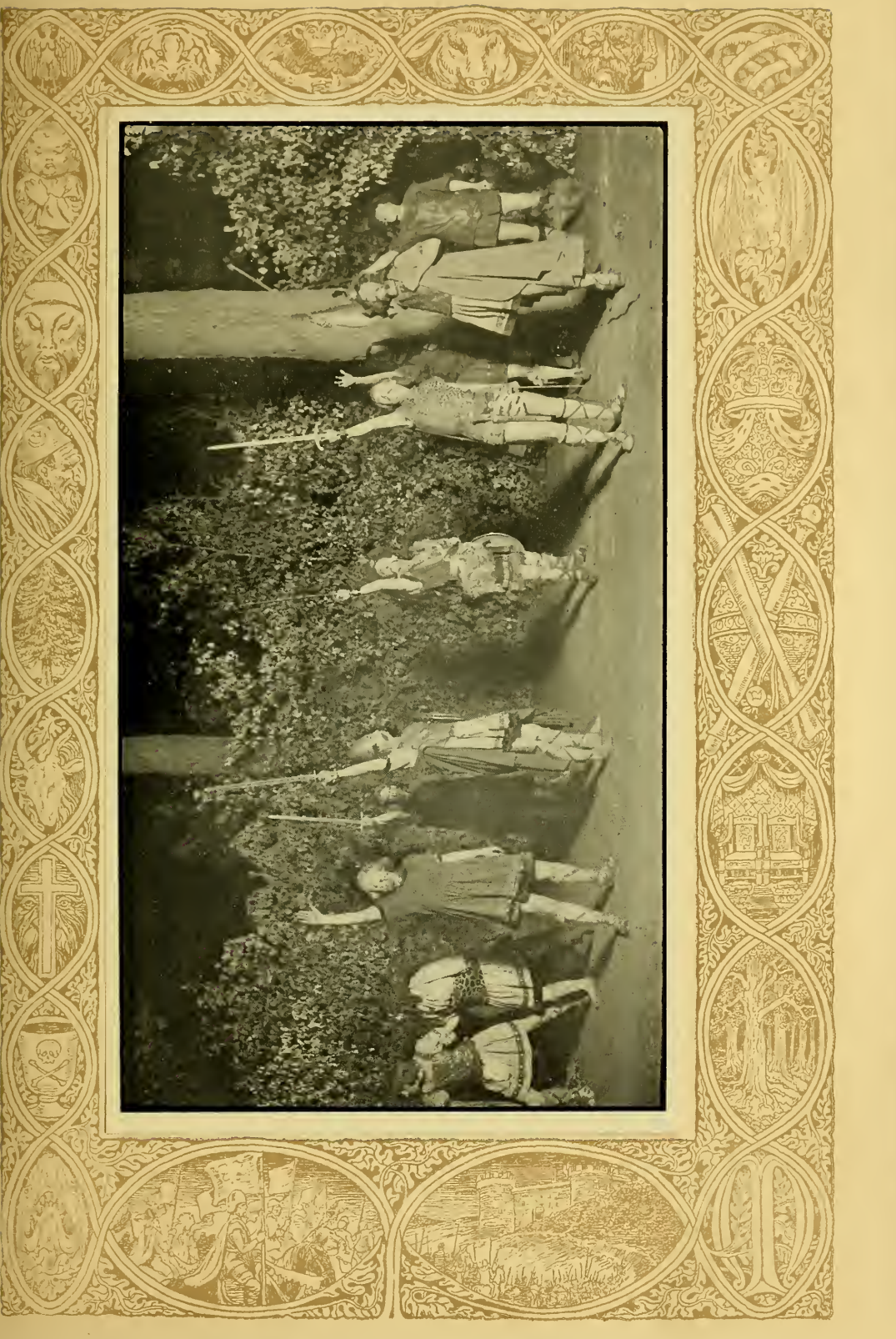
Macb. We should have else desired your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council; but we 'll take to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride?

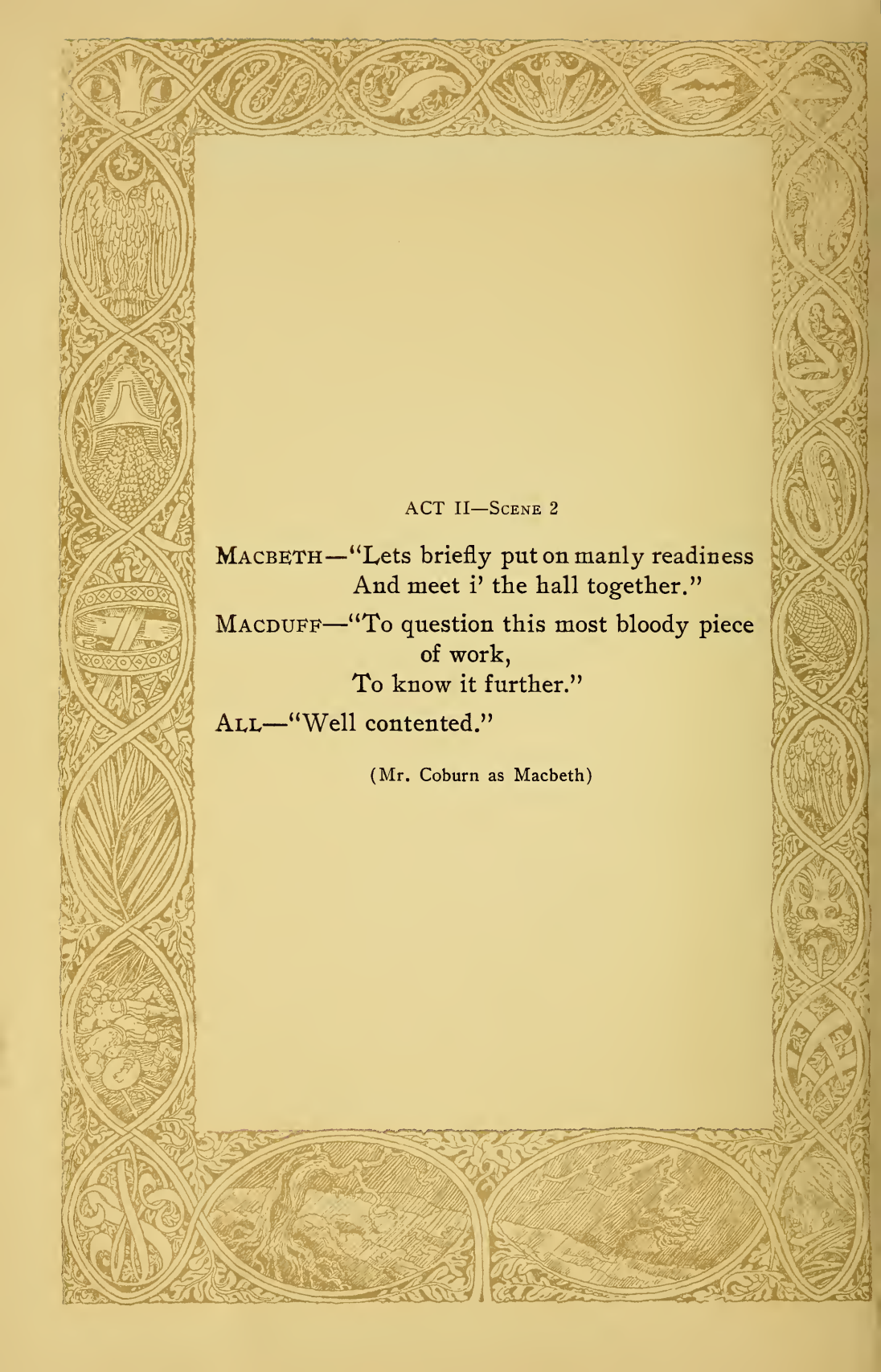
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper; go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd





ACT II—SCENE 2

MACBETH—"Lets briefly put on manly readiness
And meet i' the hall together."

MACDUFF—"To question this most bloody piece
of work,
To know it further."

ALL—"Well contented."

(Mr. Coburn as Macbeth)

In England and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow;
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farwell.— [Exit Banquo and Fleance.

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night: to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you!

[Exeunt all but Macbeth and Seyton.

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men

Our pleasure?

Seyton. They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.

[Exit Attendant.

To be thus is nothing;

But to be safely thus:—our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares,
He chid the sisters,

When first they put the name king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then prophet-like
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,

For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel

Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance.—Who's there?

And champion me to the utterance.—Who's there?

Re-enter Seyton, with two Murderers.

Now, go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Seyton.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now,

Have you consider'd of my speeches?

Do you find

Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gossell'd,

To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

Sec. Mur. I am one, my liege,

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world

Have so incensed, that I am reckless what

I do to spite the world.

First Mur. And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For sundry weighty reasons.

Sec. Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

First Mur. Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: and with him—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I'll come to you anon.

Both Mur. We are resolved, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide within.

[*Exeunt Murderers.*]

It is concluded: Banquo thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [Exit.]

Enter Lady Macbeth and Seyton.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Sey. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Sey. Madam, I will. [Exit.]

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,

Where our desire is got without content:

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy

Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making;
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance, live.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bath hath flown
His cloister's flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:
So, pirthee, go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III Scena 2

The same.

*A banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth,
Ross, Lennox, Lords, Ladies and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last a hearty welcome.

Ross. Thanks to your majesty.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourselves will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:

Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure

The table round. [*To Murderer*] There's blood upon thy

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's, then. [face.]

Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.

Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.
There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone: to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.]

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May't please your highness sit.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Ross. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well:—

Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O, proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:

This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,

Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pirthee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;
Ay, and since, too, murders have been perform'd,
Too terrible for the ear: the time has been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.
Do not amuse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill full:
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger:
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!

Why, so;—being gone,

I am a man again.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,

And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord?
Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady M.*]

Macb. It will have blood; they say blood will have blood;
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
Augurs and understood relations have
By maggot-pies, and choughs, and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send;
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the wild sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we 'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—
We are yet but young in deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV Scene 1

A Dark Cave. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

Sec. Witch. Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

Third Witch. Harpier cries:—'Tis time, 'tis time.

First Witch. Round about the cauldron go;

In the poison'd entrails throw.—

Toad, that under coldest stone

Days and nights has thirty one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn; and cauldron bubble.

Sec. Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,—
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

Third Witch. Scale of dragon; tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat; and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab—
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

First Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

Third Witch. Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is 't you do?

First Witch. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:
To what I ask you.

First Witch. Speak.

Sec. Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We 'll answer.

Macb. Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. First Apparition.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

First Witch. He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

First App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—enough. [*Descends.*]

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks;
Thou has harp'd my fear aright:— but one word more,—

First Witch. He will not be commanded: here 's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition.

Sec. App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

Sec. App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn

The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

[*Descends.*]

Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

*Thunder. Third Apparition; a Child crowned, with a tree
in his hand.*

What is this,

That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

Sec. Witch. Listen, but speak not to 't.

Third App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

[*Descends.*]

Macb. That will never be:

Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much), shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

Third Witch. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you!

First Witch. Show!

Sec. Witch. Show!

Third Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;

Come like shadows, so depart!

*A show of eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand;
Banquo's Ghost following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:—And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—

A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!

Why do you show me this?—A fourth!—Start, eyes!—

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?—

Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass

Which shows me many more:—

[*Witches vanish*]

Now, I see, 'tis true;

For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,

And points at them for his.—What! is this so?

Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour

Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—

Come in, without there!

Enter Lennox.

Len. What 's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was 't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England!

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprize;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babies, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I 'll do before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV Scene 2

England. Before the King's palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new morn
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I 'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child

(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love)
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee!
Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offere
Of goodly thousands; but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness:
For had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O, Scotland, Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O, nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
 Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!

These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and . . .
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature.
What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whether, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.—See, who comes here?

Enter Ross.

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now:—good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!

Ross. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas! poor country!

Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation

Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the newest grief?

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;

Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes't?

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour

Of many worthy fellows that were out;

Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tryant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be mow'd in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?

Ross. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these mudder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heavens!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!—
My wife kill'd too?

Ross. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say all?—O! hell-kite—All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls.

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!



ACT V Scene 1

Dunsinane. A room in the castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. What, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.—

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a light.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!— One, two; why, then 'tis time to do't.—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and a afraid? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Lady M. Wash your hands; put on your nightgown; look not so pale: I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed. [Exeunt.

ACT V SCENE 2

Enter Macbeth and Seyton.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus,—
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.'—Then fly, false thances,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter Messenger.

The devil damn thee back, thou cream-faced loon!

Where got'st thou that goose look?

Mess. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

Mess.

Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, wey-face?

Mess. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—*Seyton*, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.—
Seyton!

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.—

Send out moe horses, skirr the country round; [*Enter Doctor.*
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.
How does your patient, doctor? [*Exit Seyton.*

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that;
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs.—I'll none of it. [*Enter Seyton.*
Come, put mine armor on; give me my staff:—
Seyton, Send out.—*Doctor*, the thanes fly from me.—
Come, sir, dispatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

[*Exeunt.*]

MACBETH Scena 3

Country near Birnam wood.

Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff, Angus.

Lennox, Ross, and Soldiers, marching.
Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
 That chambers will be safe.
Ross. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before us?
Ross. The wood of Birnam.
Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
 And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow
 The numbers of our host, and make discovery
 Err in report of us.
Ross. It shall be done.
Macd. Let our just censures
 Attend the true event, and put we on
 Industrious soldiership. The time approaches,
 That will with due decision make us know
 What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
 Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
 But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
 Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

ACT V SCENE 4

Dunsinane. Before the Castle.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with colours.
Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
 The cry is still, 'They come:' our castle's strength
 Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
 Till famine and the ague eat them up:
 Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
 We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
 And beat them backward home. [*A cry of women within.*
 What is that noise?
Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*
Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
 The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
 To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
 Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
 As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
 Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
 Cannot once start me.

Re-enter Seyton.

Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.
Macb. She should have died hereafter;
 There would have been a time for such a word.—
 To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more: it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave!

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;'—and now a wood
Comes towards Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish th' estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum-bell!—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Malcolm, old Steward, Macduff, and their Army.

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarums. Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But bear-like I must fight the course. What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

[*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undecided.
Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not.

[*Exit. Alarums.*]

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-bound, turn!

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words:—
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out!

[*They fight.*]

Macb. Thou lovest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accurs'd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
'Here may you see the tryant.'

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last:—Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!' [*fight.*]

*Macbeth is slain. Flourish. Enter, Malcolm, old Siward, Ross,
the other Thanes, and Soldiers.*

Macd. Hail, Malcolm, King of Scotland! Hail!

All. Hail, King of Scotland! [*Flourish.*]
King of Scotland! Hail! Hail! Hail! [*Exeunt.*]

THE END.

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